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WAR RISK
CHIMES
AND OTHER MELODIES



By PHILIP P. McGUIRE

War Risk Chimes And Other Melodies

By
PHILIP P. ^{McGuire} McGUIRE

A U T H O R O F
A Romance of the Juniata
The Silvery Lining, Etc.

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FOREWORD

TO THE GIRLS OF THE WAR RISK

Whose unswerving loyalty; whose unselfish devotion to a new and untried task; who despite the storms of unjust and undeserved criticism, despite the adverse circumstances attendant in a new field of endeavor, despite the inadequate salaries received, despite all the discouragements encountered on all sides, stood faithfully and loyally to their duty, and made possible the great institution known as The Bureau of War Risk Insurance today, this little volume is respectfully dedicated.

By the Author.

THE PRETTIEST GIRLS OF THE LOT.

There are lots of fair girls in our city to-day,
That are charming and pretty, I know;
Some came from quite near, some from far, far away,
And others that came here just so.
They are scattered throughout the departments, you see,
Where their presence lights up every spot,—
But the Girls of the War Risk, just take it from me,
Are the prettiest girls of the lot.

Where the war hosts hold forth, down at 6th St. and B,
They have blonds of most every type,
And pretty brunettes that are pleasing to see,
With cheeks that are rosy and ripe.
But if you want beauty, untarnished and pure,
Unmarred by a blemish or blot,
You'll admit that the Girls of the War Risk I'm sure
Are the prettiest girls of the lot.

Now there's the Surg. General thinks he has the best
And fairest of all on his force;
And Hoover, with Barney Baruch and the rest,
Think they all have the choicest of course.
But you come with me, down to one-nineteen D,
You will soon see their estimates drop,
When the Girls of the War Risk turn out you will see,
They're the prettiest girls of the lot.

In the years yet to come, when the people discuss
The things and events that they saw,—
They'll tell how the Kaiser Bill started a fuss,
How our Uncle Sam flattened his jaw;
They'll tell of the girls who came here in that day,
Whose assistance our Uncle Sam got,
And the Girls of the War Risk, you'll oft hear them say
Were the prettiest girls of the lot.

THE WAR RISK WENT OVER THE TOP.

(FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN)

When Liberty's battle waged over the land,
 When the drive for the loan was begun;
When blares of the trumpet and music of bands,
 And speakers augmented the fun.
When the patriot band drove the slackers to roost,
 When the banks were too busy to stop,
When the Kaiser's peace trick gave the business a boost,
 The War Risk went over the top.

There was joy in the streets of the Capital town,
 There was sorrow and gloom in Berlin,
When the final results of the drive were set down
 And the shekels were all gathered in.
There were throngs where the gospel of Freedom was preached,
 Where the pacifist's cause took a flop,
But the acme of patriotism was reached.
 When the War Risk went over the top.

For the girls of the War Risk are proud of their land,
 From its uttermost boundaries they come,
To aid in the battle and each take a hand,
 In defence of their country and home.
Their loyalty true, as the sky's azure hue,
 For humanity's cause they won't stop,
Till the Beast of Berlin is chastized and subdued,
 And the War Risk is over the top.

THE VERY BEST GIRLS IN TOWN.

I love to sing of a joyful theme,
I love to tune my lyre,—
In the cause of good, I never could,
Feel weariness or tire.
The good in all both near and far,
And here I would put down,
The girls of the War Risk Bureau are,
The very best girls in town.

When Freedom's call rang thru the land,
From sea-side to mountain spar,
When the nation's call went to one and all,
For funds to support the war,—
The War Risk girls went over the top,
It is ever to their renown.
That's why I say without pause or stop,
They're the very best girls in town.

When loyalty was the watchword, of
The nation in war's wild throes;
When the gallant fight to maintain the right,
Was still surging to and fro,
When savage hordes, by land, sea and air,
Sought to crush humanity down,
The girls of the War Risk Bureau were
The most loyal girls in town.

When the storm was raging on the Marne,
When the Argonne forest roared
With thundering guns, of Columbia's sons
While driving the German horde,—
The War Risk girls worked night and day,
With never complaint or frown,
That's why I often think and say,
They're the very best girls in town.

And I often think as I sit and read,
Of the turmoil beyond the seas,
That the nation owes, more than most folk knows,
To good loyal girls like these.
And I always hope that the future years,
With success will their efforts crown
And justify my assertion here,
They're the very best girls in town.

THE GIRLS OF UNIT 9.

(WAR RISK)

We used to sing the praises high,
Of girls of unit eight;
The girls who without frown or sigh,
Worked early and worked late.
But now we'll tune another lyre,
We'll strike another line,
And sound the praises even higher,
For girls of unit nine.

The girls of unit nine are fair,
Affectionate and bright.
Some flaxen and some auburn hair,
Some cherry lips, red-ripe.
Some smiling, dancing, merry eyes,
Some eyes of heaven's blue,
Some spirits pure as azure skies,
Some loyal hearts and true.

And so we sing to unit nine,
To all its pretty girls;
We pray success may always shine,
On them, their locks and curls;
For they're the fairest of the fair,
The finest of the fine;
The best girls here or anywhere,
The girls of unit nine.

THE 4TH OF JULY.

(1918)

Sound the joyful tidings, 'tis the 4th day of July,
Let every loyal heart respond, and echo loud the cry,
The day our staunch forefathers vowed to conquer or to die,
July the 4th, the natal day of Freedom.

Chorus: (Marching thru Georgia)

Hurrah, hurrah, the fourth day of July,
Hurrah, hurrah, the freemen's battle cry,
The Stars and Stripes are blended with,
The glories of the sky,
On July the 4th, the natal day of Freedom.

There's music in our forest shades, our ancient rocks and rills,
There's beacon fires of Liberty ablaze on all our hills,
There's not a single Yankee heart but with exultance thrills,
On July the 4th, the natal day of Freedom.

From east to west, from north to south, the message still is whirled,
And e'en our humblest hamlet has its Stars and Stripes unfurled,
We throw our banner to the breeze, our challenge to the world,
On July the 4th, the natal day of Freedom.

Hurrah, hurrah, the fourth day of July,
Hurrah, hurrah, the freemen's battle cry,
The Stars and Stripes are blended with,
The glories of the sky,
On July the 4th, the natal day of Freedom.

PAY YOUR INCOME TAX.

TO THE WAR RISK GIRLS

When you're sitting in the movies, watching heroes of the screen,
When you laugh at some comedian's funny cracks,
When the world seems full of sunshine, and your life just one long
dream,
Don't forget, you have to pay your income tax.

When you're riding on the street car, and you hear the con's old yell,
"Move up forward," while you're hanging on the straps,
When you're wishing all the street car magnates, safely stored in—well,
Never mind it; you must pay your income tax.

When you've eaten in a lunch room, and the waiter brings the bill,
When you feel you'd like to chase him with an axe;
Just forget it; there's a more important duty to fulfill,
That duty is to pay your income tax.

If you think that young Jack Dempsey will put Carpentier to the ropes,
With a series of some well-directed whacks;
Don't forget that in the people lies the nation's strongest hopes,
Get out your roll, and pay your income tax.

Never mind the bolsheviki, Jugo-slavs or all their kind,
Or the help some puny little nation lacks;
There's an ever pressing business, keep it foremost in your mind,
That's the business of your annual income tax.

When you think of Chateau-Thierry, or the battle of the Marne,
Young America was neither loth, nor lax;
Then remember there's a duty here at home too, to perform,
You can't dodge it, you must pay your income tax.

All the world is full of sunshine, all the world is glad and gay,
If you but forget your troubles, and be happy all the day;
If you but forget the burdens that weigh down upon your backs,
Then forget them and be happy, **PAY YOUR INCOME TAX.**

TO MEMBERS OF CONGRESS WHO RIDICULED THE REQUEST OF THE
WAR RISK EMPLOYEES FOR THE BONUS

We like your little comedy, appreciate your joke,
We are full of light frivolities ourselves;
But we wouldn't think it out of place, if some of you had spoke,
Of a matter that's too long upon the shelves.

Tho you ridicule our efforts, yet you know the work's been done,
Tho you know we're loyal, you have been unkind;
You refuse to us the bonus, perhaps to you 'tis fun,
But we're lagging, lagging, lagging far behind.

We have labored uncomplainingly, without a sulk or balk,
We have given faithful service, one and all;
We kept hoping, hoping, hoping every time the ghost would walk,
That he'd come with reinforcements for us all.

We were doomed to disappointment, but we still hope for the best,
Hope the mills of gods will still continue grind,
Till they grind us out some justice, make us equal the rest,
For we're lagging, lagging, lagging far behind.

We are sorry, sorry, sorry, but these crude room-renting folk
Have no sense of humor on the settling day;
And the dressmaker or shoeman won't appreciate a joke,
If the money's not forthcoming right away.

It's no joke to see our fellow-worker getting better pay,
For such work as we do or a similar kind,
We cannot help but think about it many times a day,
For we're lagging, lagging, lagging far behind.

If you want to see us cheerful, see us circumspect and gay,
If you want to see us jubilant and glad;
Do your little bit to help us, yes to help us win the day,
And we'll never, never, never more be sad.

We will greet you in the morning, at noon-time and at night
With felicitations loving, true and kind.
We'll be always glad to know that you have helped us in the fight,
When we were lagging, lagging, lagging far behind.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

You rail about the War Risk; will you tell us who's to blame?
Who brought it into being, or who gave to it a name?
Who gave to it the measure of the burden it should bear?
Who decreed that its employees should live on empty air?
Who called us here to serve it from the North, South, East and West?
Who denied to us the recompense that's given to the rest?

Who made you Lords and Masters of the host of War Risk clerks?
Who gave you jurisdiction o'er the lives of those who work?
Who made of you the judges of what we should eat or drink,
The wherewithal to clothe ourselves, or what we read or think?
When compelled to grant increases by a nation-wide request,
You denied to us the bonus that you gave unto the rest.

We labored uncomplainingly, our wages just the same,
The other toilers' wages increased time and time again;
We have borne the load in silence; have been loyal one and all,
Tho' our wage was always meager, we have answered every call.
We have given faithful service, we have given you our best,
You denied to us the bonus that you gave unto the rest

Why don't you deal us justice? It comes not from your own hoards;
You are here the peoples' servants, yet you make yourselves their
Lords;
You are here to serve the masses, and to see that right holds sway,
Not to cater to the classes, and sow discord on the way.
We're but asking right and justice, we're but making this request,—
That you give to us the recompense, you're giving to the rest.

TO THE WAR RISK GIRLS:

IT'S THE FLU.

When you get a fit of sneezing,
And a gentle touch of wheezing,
When your thorax begins teasing,
Teasing you;

When you get a sudden quiver,
In the region of the liver,
When your bones begin to shiver,
It's the flu.

It's the flu, it's the flu,
And it's coming after you,
And 'twill get you, most whatever you may do.
You may heed the doctor's warning,
You may dodge it night and morning,
But watch out, you'll have a tussle with the flu.

When your system's feeling numb,
When your throat collects a scum,
When you're feeling on the bum,
Thru and thru,

When your nose begins to fill,
When you get a horrid chill,
When you're sure you're getting ill,
It's the flu.

When your head begins to ache,
When your bones begin to quake,
When your nerves are all a-shake,
Shaking you;

When your tongue is getting thick,
When you know you're getting sick,
Then you want the doctor quick,
It's the flu.

It's the flu, it's the flu,
And it's coming after you,
And 'twill get you, most whatever you may do;
Even Lydia Pinkham's pills,
Good for various other ills,
Are useless when it comes to fight the flu.

LET US STAND BY HIM NOW.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE VETO OF THE BORLAND BILL,

1918

There's a name that gives gladness and joy to the workers,
A name that means terror, dismay to the shirkers,
Of a hero who will fight, for oppressed of every nation,
Who will rise up in his might and crush vicious legislation.

Chorus

Let us stand by him now,
Let us stand by him now,
Let us rally to our chieftain,
Let us stand by him now.

There's a name that will live when proud empires have crumbled
When kingdoms and dynasties earthward have tumbled,
A name will be unfurled, from mountain peak and steeple,
Of a man who gave a world to a free, untrammelled people.

There's a name will emblazon the pages of glory,
Will shine with effulgence in famed song and story,
Of a hero in the fray, where true loyal hearts are wanted,
He's our President to-day, Woodrow Wilson, the undaunted.

Let us stand by him now,
Let us stand by him now,
Let us rally to our chieftain,
Let us stand by him now.

AN ADVICE.

Dear, charming, fair young friend of mine,
I thought I would drop you a line,
 To give you some advice.
Altho perchance 'tis not my biz,
I may not have a right to quiz,
 You may not think it nice.

Yet have I quoted lines below,
That I would fain have you to know,
 Experience taught me;
So read them over, gentle maid,
Some day they may come to your aid,
 Some day may set you free.

The Advice.

Pray on when hope is flitting,
And it will exalt your soul.
Work on when you feel like quitting,
And you will attain your goal.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

TO A. B.

I promised Alma I would write
Her something real nice.
So I just sat me down to-night
To try it once or twice.
I bade the truant muse bestir
To bustle into rhyme,
For if it be as nice as her
It must needs be sublime.

For Alma's face is fair to see,
And radiant is her smile.
Her manner happy and carefree,
Her disposition mild.
Her movement full of grace and charm,
Her voice is sweet to hear,
Her nature always bright and warm
To all her friends most dear.

And then I thought I'd try to write
Another line or two.
About this girl whose life is bright,
Affectionate and true.
Then I suppose I'll have to cease
And close my little rhyme,
By wishing her the joy and peace,
Of happy Christmas-time.

A MESSAGE.

Dear girl of mine, don't sigh,
 You were sad today I know,
But skies will clear,
And bring you cheer,
 As in days of long ago;
There my own girl don't sigh,
 But bid your heart be gay,
The troubles that oppress you now,
 Are fading fast away.

There my own girl don't sigh,
 The world is full of cheer;
The idols you cast out today,
 Will nevermore appear.
There my own girl don't sigh,
 You are charming, fair and sweet,
Your troubles will all vanish
 Like the dust beneath your feet.

Dear girl of mine, don't sigh,
 Our hearts are stout and true;
Not all the waters in the seas
 Could quench my love for you;
There my own girl don't sigh
 But bid your heart be glad
Tho shadows fall in every life,
 Soon you'll nevermore be sad.

WHISPERING WINDS.

What does the soft wind say to-day?
As it rustles along thru the trees,
Carrying tales from land and sea,
That are borne along by the breeze.
I think I will listen and hear the news,
And then, if I can, translate,
And when I have all its notes and views,
I'll hand them over to Kate.

It tells me now of a fairy dell,
And a pretty girl over the plain
The name of the place it says, Ironville,
And Katie's the pretty girl's name.
It says she is graceful, sweet and shy,
Dignified, loving and free,—
Now, Katie, just between you and I,
I wonder who she must be?

And still it speaks of this maiden fair,
As if I might realize,
Her waving tresses of raven hair,
The light of her lust'rous eyes.
Her voice, it says, is rich, soft and sweet,
Now that's quite pleasing to me;
But, pshaw, now Katie, why so discreet?
Pray tell me who she may be.

Oh, bother,—it still warbles on above,
Of this maiden sweet and rare;
But harken; perhaps now the wind's in love,
I doubt if that's very fair.
Besides it makes not the name quite clear,
Tho she seems familiar to me,
Now, Katie, whisper and tell me, dear,
I wonder who she may be?

SWEET GIRL OF MINE.

TO A. M. M.

Sweet Girl of Mine, for you I pine,
Thru all the summer days;
I miss the sunshine of your smile,
The beauty of your face.
Your gentle, sympathetic voice,
Your care-free, happy ways,
Sweet Girl of Mine, for you I pine,
Thru all the summer days.

Sweet Girl of Mine, in you I find,
All charms and graces rare.
No other pure unsullied mind,
No other face so fair.
No other gentle, yielding heart,
No such entrancing ways,
Sweet Girl of Mine, for you I pine,
Thru all the summer days.

Sweet Girl of Mine in summer time,
I first beheld your charms,
Beheld your loving, beaming smile,
When clasped within my arms.
Enshrined your image in my heart,
Where it forever stays,
Sweet Girl of Mine, for you I pine,
Thru all the summer days.

I love the beauty of your face, " "
Your pleasing charm, your winning grace,
Your purity of soul sublime,
Sweet Girl of Mine, Sweet Girl of Mine.

MY SWEET-HEART IN THE WEST.

A. M. R.

Where proud Columbia still rolls on
Thru forests dense and still,
'Neath smiling skies of Oregon,
'Mid valley, glen and hill;
Where nature's charms resplendent shine,
As sinks the sun to rest,—
There lives a dear, sweet girl of mine,
My sweet-heart in the west.

My sweet-heart is a charming girl,
My sweet-heart's fair to see;
My sweet-heart sets my heart a-whirl
She's all the world to me.
My sweet-heart is the truest girl,
The fairest and the best,
The sweetest girl in all the world,
My sweet-heart in the west.

Soon comes the golden summer time,
The fragrance and the flowers;
When loving hearts at even-time,
Seek shady nooks and bowers;
When I will come to claim my own,
And clasp her to my breast,
To be forever mine alone,
My sweet-heart in the west.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

TO C. W. FROM A. M.

I'm thinking, dear, of by-gone days,
Of a bright and happy childhood;
Of peaceful vales and sunny glades,
Of a grand, commanding wildwood.
I'm thinking of youth's cloudless sky,
Of its e'er unchanging weather,
I'm thinking love, of you and I,
Of when we were girls together.

How oft we sought the shady nook,
Where bloomed the fairest flowers;
And 'mid their fragrance rambles took,
In youth's enchanted hours.
The scene is still imprinted there,
In my mem'ry changing never,
But the flowerets don't seem half so fair,
As when we were girls together.

How oft we sought the village school,
And sat within its shadow;
While evening moon-beams bright and cool,
Shone over field and meadow.
We made our vows of friendship true,
That naught in life can sever,
Now my heart remains as true to you,
As when we were girls together.

And if when youth and years have passed,
I see life's shadows falling;
And hear the summons come at last,
The Master's Angel calling,—
I won't forget youth's flowery ways,
With roses strewn and feathered;
Fond memory will bring back the days,
When we were girls together.

WAR RISK CHIMES.

Chime again, chime again, sweet morning bell,
Now thy soft music breaks in on our ears;
My, how the War Risk girls scamper pell-mell
Rush for the tables, the desks and the chairs.
Now the big task of the day is begun,
Now all frivolities pass from the mind;
Now they dispense with all pastime and fun,
And plunge heart and soul in the big daily grind.

Chime again, chime again, sweet luncheon bell,
Send us thy melody in on the breeze,
Tales of good eats and refreshments foretell,
Waft us thy fragrance our hunger appease.
Now the grand rush for the stair-case is nigh,
Now cafeteria doors open wide,
Sandwiches, ice cream and apples and pie,
With Loeffler's lunch wagons patrolling outside.

Chime again, chime again, sweet evening bell,
Last we shall hear till the break of next day,
Now for the stairway, the doors and the L,
Now for the theater, movie and play.
Now all the trials of this day are past,
Who fears the morrow, whate'er it may bring?
Blithe, happy War Risk girls, sing while it lasts,
Youth is all bright sunshine, youth is all spring.

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